

THE SILENT WORLD.

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COUNSEL.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his pa'm with thine. How canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow comes? Men have been known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure true
The hand of him who goeth forth; unseen,
Fate goeth too!

Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word between the idle talk;
Lest with thee henceforth, ever, night and day,
Regret should walk.

—Galaxy.

SKETCH OF NIAGARA FALLS.

As the traveller approaches the little village on the American side of the Falls, by the New York Central Railroad, the first object which attracts his attention is the beautiful Niagara river. This river is of a dark green color; the color is caused by the great depth of the water and the overhanging cliffs between which it flows. At this point those who can hear are almost deafened by the roaring of the mighty cataract, though it is almost two miles off. As the traveller draws nearer and nearer the Falls the roar of the water increases, and the scenery becomes wilder and wilder, until, having arrived at the village of Niagara, the whole beauty of the Falls and rapids are spread before him.

The Falls are two in number, viz: the Horseshoe, on the Canadian side, and the American, on the American side of the river. The American Falls are divided near the centre by Luna Island, and consist, in fact, of two falls. Words can convey only a very faint idea of this stupendous work of Nature; it must be seen to be appreciated. No one can look without awe on the rush of waters, and no one having once seen Niagara can ever forget it.

THE AMERICAN FALLS AND VICINITY.

The best place to see these Falls is from Prospect Place, on the American side of the river. The dimensions of the American Falls is 900 feet across, with a drop of 164 feet. This measurement is by computation. There are several islands near these Falls and in the rapids above them. The largest, Goat Island, divides the American from the Horseshoe Falls. A sad accident happened on this island some years ago. The story was told to me by the driver of the carriage that took me to this island, for Goat Island is connected by a strong bridge with the American shore. A Miss Forrest, with a party of friends, were looking at the Falls, when, seeing a flower on the brink of the precipice, she reached over to pluck it. A young man named Addington, in sport, seized her and held her over the Falls. Of course the lady was frightened, and in her struggles slipped out of Addington's hands. That gentleman immediately jumped in after her, but tried in vain to save her;

both were swept over the Falls by the resistless force of the water. Their bodies were found, dreadfully mangled, on the rocks below.

THE HORSESHOE FALLS AND VICINITY.

These Falls are wider but not so high as the American Falls. They are 1,900 feet across, and have a drop of 158 feet, and the greatest depth of water that passes over these falls is 25 feet deep. The name Horseshoe is applied to them on account of a slight resemblance which the Falls bear to a horseshoe. Table-rock was near the Horseshoe. It was a magnificent crag—the projection at the top being immense—from which large masses of rock frequently fell. Accidents often happened, until at last the whole rock fell into the foaming waters beneath. Had this fall of rock taken place a few hours before, the Victoria bridge at Montreal would have been a dream of the future and not a substantial reality of the present, for, a short time before the fall of the rock, the engineer of this gigantic structure was standing upon it. Tourists often walk a short distance under these falls. The water dashing over the overhanging rocks, and the sun shining through the falling water, forming rainbows, make a magnificent picture of wild, savage scenery. There is a tower on a small island on the brink of the Horseshoe, nearest Goat Island, and from it can be seen the full grandeur of this fall. It makes a person's head reel, however, to go to it and, standing on the top, look down on the boiling waters, knowing that only a frail railing separates him from certain death. There are several islands in the rapids above Horseshoe Falls. The most beautiful of them all are the Three Sisters; three islands exactly alike, connected with each other and Goat Island by beautiful bridges of iron and stone.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

The Whirlpool is situated about three miles below the Falls, and the scenery is hardly less wild than that of the Falls itself. Visitors are now lowered down in an elevator, though about twenty-five years ago the only way of descending to the "Pool" was by means of a circular staircase. In the "Pool," the water, dashing over large rocks, sends showers of spray many feet into the air. The river (Niagara) here turns abruptly to the right, forming an elbow, and, as the water rushes against the opposite bank, a whirlpool is formed, in which logs and often bodies have been known to whirl round and round for days. The banks are very high; one is covered with trees and the other is a sheer precipice of rock.

On the 15th of June, 1861, the intrepid Robinson, pilot of the *Maid of the Mist*, with two other men, in order to save the boat from being seized by the sheriff, took her right through these raging waters. Everybody who saw the feat gave them up as lost; but guided by an eye that never dimmed and a hand that never trembled, she was piloted safely through. She lost her smoke-stack, but otherwise received no injury, being very strongly built. The *Maid of the Mist* is the only craft, so far as it is known, that ever made this fearful trip in safety.

ALFRED VARGRAVE.

MARY ANN MAHER, aged seventeen, a deaf-mute, residing in Grand street, Williamsburg, N. Y., while at work in Douglass' tobacco factory, 432 East Tenth street, one day in August, was drawn into the shafting by her dress, and crushed to death in a most terrible manner.

A PEEP AT NORTHAMPTON.

Some one in *The Youth's Companion* writes thus enthusiastically about the Clarke School for Deaf-Mutes:

"Two large, beautiful houses standing on the crest of a hill; from the front windows a look up and down the Connecticut Valley, with its broad, waving meadows, blue river and misty mountains; and from the rear a grove of chestnut trees, in the midst of which stands another building, quite new, French-roofed, and containing many rooms. In one of these, some visitors, the other day, found a bright-eyed, red-jacketed little lady, with a class standing before her, teaching them the names of the colors. There was a little daughter of General Mitchell, not more than six years old, with floating golden hair, and a fairy face and form; then older children; then a colored boy, Robert, about fourteen years of age, rolling his great eyes, and showing his white teeth, in an ecstasy of delight at feeling a new idea penetrate his brain.

"'Blue, blue,' said the little teacher, with sparkling eyes, striking the floor with her foot. This was to bring back a wandering gaze, for though the children do not hear, they *feel* the slightest jar.

"'Blue, blue,' they all cried back again, in great enthusiasm, though not in time together, for not one knew whether the other answered or not.

"Then they went to the black-board and wrote the word, and then scampered off all about the room to find something blue, as proof positive that they knew the meaning of the word.

"It was droll enough to see Robert, at the other end of the room, frantically waving a blue veil he had found; but droller still, when 'brown' was the word, to see one of the children run up to him and gesture vigorously upon his cheek, while he stood immovable, rolling his eyes farther than ever in the delighted dignity of being used as an 'illustration.'

"This class had been but very little while in the school, and, as some of them had never been taught a word in their lives till they came, of course it was slow work at first. After they had done with the colors, the teacher took the word 'pleasant' for the next lesson. Poor Robert succeeded pretty well in repeating it, but, as for the meaning, it was of no use—he couldn't get it. The teacher pointed out of the window, to suggest the pleasant weather.

"'Nice day,' said Robert, in triumph. She shook her head; that wasn't it. Next she smiled in the most amiable way, and then scowled sharply, to see if she could convey the idea, as she often did, successfully, by contrast.

"'Wrinkled,' cried out Robert; and the lesson had to be put over for completion to the next day.

"When the visitors had seen all they wished of the performance of this class, the teacher turned to a little boy and said—

"'Will you show these ladies to Miss ——'s room?'

"He watched her face with a keen glance as she uttered the words, and then turned quietly and led the way.

"There, and in other rooms, there were spelling-classes, classes in composition, drawing, and recitation of poetry, all interesting, but the spelling-class having rather a peculiar feature. The scholars, though they know the names of the letters perfectly, are taught to pronounce them in spelling as they sound in the words, that helping them to keep the idea of their real service.

"There is a great difference in the speech of the pupils, according to the different circumstances and time of their learning, but many speak so clearly and even prettily that you would scarcely suspect it was to them as hardly earned an accomplishment as piano playing is to happier children.

"As the visitors passed near the room of the red-jacketed

little teacher again, she opened the door and begged them to return, as a little brother and sister in her class were very anxious to express themselves in a lesson they had lately learned. The little girl seated herself with quite an air, and the handsome little brother stepped out into the hall, his face glowing with pride and promise. Then came a tap at the door. The little miss rose and opened it. 'Ay-how-do-you-do? Will-you-walk-in? I-am-very-glad-to-see-you? Shall-I-take-your-hat?' With a face covered with smiles he gave it her, and she begged him to be seated. Then followed inquiries for his family and a few more questions and answers, when he rose and said he must go.

"'Do-not-go. Come-again. Let-me-give-you-your-hat,' said the little maiden, with the most bewitching of glances, and the little brother bowed himself out, with all the airs and all the happiness of any petted beau in society.

"But how is this wonderful lesson taught? Is there any magic wand in Miss Rogers' room, with which she has touched, one after another, these forty deaf-mute children, that the deaf hear and the dumb speak? Search, if you like; you will never find it, for though a wand there is, and busily used, it is invisible. Patience, courage, and skill, these are the green stems of the triple staff, and buds, blossoms, and fruits start daily forth in the form of success and joy."

THE DEAF IN LITERATURE.

It is very singular that while in all ages numbers of blind men have been distinguished in literature, we have no record of distinguished deaf men, down to quite a recent period. This, however, is probably not because there were no deaf scholars or writers, but because they were known in the world simply as scholars and writers, not as deaf men. When a great poet, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar was blind, the fact struck all who saw them, and was repeated wherever their fame went; but when such a man was deaf, none but his intimate associates were likely to know it. The blind scholar had to employ a reader and an amanuensis; the deaf one read and wrote for himself like other men.

Hence, I think it probable that there were many cases in ancient times in which writers and scholars, and even statesmen or princes, belonged to the class of semi-mutes whose names have come down to us, but not the fact of their deafness. That such cases were known seems to be proved by the Roman code, which makes special provision for those deaf-mutes who had become such by disease or accident, permitting them, if knowing how to write, to make a will or deed, writing with their own hand, a privilege denied to the deaf-mute from birth.

Of deaf-mutes of princely rank, several have been mentioned. Every one has heard of the son of King Crœsus; of Quintus Pedius, the painter, a relative of Cæsar Augustus; and probably also of that son of the Prince of Carignan, in Savoy, who afterwards became an ornament to the Court of his nephew, the King of Sardinia. De Foe says of him that "he was a perfect statesman, and understood five or six languages."

To these three instances my friend, James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet, adds a fourth, which he met with in reading a voluminous history of France. The Prince of Conti, one of the descendants of the great Henry IV, and either brother or cousin to the famous General Conde, was a semi-mute, that is, totally deaf from childhood, yet acting a leading part in the affairs of his time.

J. R. B.

THOMAS BROWN says it is hard to pick out deaf-mutes in a crowd these days, so much have they become like the hearing and speaking in appearance. It was not so of yore.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]
FROM ALBANY.

'Tis Friday evening now, and the great Convention is over. The night boats and trains bear away from the city the major portion of those who have enlivened old Congress Hall for the past three days, and given to the grim old State-House a business look it is not wont to bear in these bright summer hours.. The lesser portion have dwindled off during the day, or remain over till the morrow, regretting the fate that keeps them, for 'tis anything but pleasant to abide in these "halls deserted" with the memory of what has been walking like a spectre with you everywhere.

THE CONVENTION A SOCIAL REUNION.

If we look at the Convention just ended as a social reunion of long separated schoolmates and friends; if we look for results simply in the pleasure derived by the visitors, and in the beneficial effects of a relaxation from ordinary routine life, we pronounce the Convention a success. But if we go farther, and inquire what benefit has come, or will come, from the deliberations of the Convention, we must confess that all is rather chimerical and uncertain. It is not plain that anything was accomplished on any of the subjects before the assembly, if we except the Clerc Memorial business.

It is evident that one must not look at the deliberative part of these conventions in judging of their success. This is but secondary in the estimation of the majority of those who attend. They come for pleasure more than for profit; for relaxation more than for research into abstract principles and theories of benefit to their class. In fact, hardly any one seemed attracted to this Convention by a desire to witness its deliberations, and most of those who attended the sittings in the State-House seemed to do so from a sense of duty. The sessions, without a single exception, were called to order an hour after the fixed time for their commencement, and this hour was usually spent by the State managers and other officers of the Association in drumming up an audience. All were so busy in talking over old times, and in strengthening the bonds of old and new friendships, that they seemed to care little for the proceedings, and many openly, and others tacitly, declared these sessions a bore. The old stagers, like Brown, Carlin, Rider, and Swett, with a few young aspirants for their fame and influence, seemed about the only ones who entered into the spirit of the thing with any zest. The discussions were decidedly flat when one of the above-named personages, or either Messrs. Peet or Gallaudet, were not on the floor. The eccentricities of Messrs. Brown and Carlin, the earnestness of Mr. Rider, the vehemence of Mr. Peet, and the quiet, pleasant good sense of Mr. Gallaudet, were always welcome and interesting. Once in a while a character would get up and give the history of his life since leaving school, and as his was but an ordinary experience, even our patience and good nature mildly protested against the long-spun yarn.

A CHARACTER.

We recall one unknown who got the floor as the meeting was about to adjourn. He was all unshaven and unshorn, and, with travelling duster still on, looked as if he had that minute arrived post haste from Kansas or Greenland, a description of which places he gave after the usual formula of his life. He began the history of the United States by asking Mr. Gallaudet if he knew of Henry Hudson, and a reply in the affirmative did not prevent him from giving the biography of that illustrious individual. In his history he had got to where Washington refused to tell a lie, when some one asked him for his name, as he was unknown to any one present, and the much-enduring President took advantage of the diversion to

adjourn the meeting, much to the disappointment of our friend, who evidently had a great deal more to say.

THE LADIES.

There was a general complaint among the young men that the ladies did not seem to appreciate the Convention, and were, like angels visits, few, and not to be enjoyed by every one. We think the secret of the matter came out in the reply of a young man who had made the complaint to us, and to whom we said :

" You don't mean to say that there are not plenty of pretty and interesting ladies here?"

" Perhaps so," he replied; " but then, they are nearly all married."

Do you see that, girls? Punish the audacious rascal by coming out in force at the next Convention, and wheedling him out of all his spare cash in drives and banquet tickets. It is to be regretted that you were not at this Convention, for the young men sadly needed the restraining influence of your society, and there are a number of cosy little parlors scattered all over Congress Hall where that society could be enjoyed, and pleasant walks and drives are abundant in Albany. But you were not here, and—to our regret and shame we say it—the young men resorted to the convivial glass, and late at night reeled in tipsy numbers past our door from the out-of-the-way bar not far beyond, or stopped to recount to us with maudlin loquacity the story of their lives, " running it through even from their boyish days." One asserted, with vehemence that we did not care to dispute, that deaf-mutes were the equals of the hearing and speaking in one thing at least, and that was—love of whiskey! And as he went on with a triumphant leer to adduce proof, we thought himself the best instance he could put forward.

THE BANQUET.

The banquet last evening was enjoyable in its bill of fare, and in the toasts and speeches which followed. The dining hall was taxed to its utmost capacity, and a second laying of the tables was necessary for a few who could not be seated at the first. Every one seemed well disposed toward every one else, and everybody toasted his neighbor with a vim that was born of friendship and a good supper. We regretted there was no large room in which all could mingle after the feast, the small parlors proving wholly inadequate to the number that sought to occupy them. But it was a season of reunion, nevertheless; and even we, who assume the stoic at such times, had our feelings stirred at the "olden memories" that came thronging upon us as we found ourself surrounded by a group of schoolmates and friends of our boyish days. We felt inexpressibly tender toward those bearded men and matronly women as we thought of the many pleasant hours we had passed together in the school-room and on the play-ground. There was our first school-girl love, a dignified wife and mother now; and there, too, stood a strong and self-reliant man, one who, in days of yore, had been our bosom friend, and had faced with us the swiftly-batted wicket ball, or braved the displeasure of the powers that were in some mad, boyish freak.

THE LECTURE ON THE COLLEGE.

In the discussion which followed the lecture on the National Deaf-Mute College yesterday there is not much to record. Mr. Peet made the same speech he delivered before the students at Washington in 1868, at the Conference of Principals, giving his hearty approval to the College, and going over his record to show that ever since he offered his resolution about it before the Conference he had been one of its best friends. He denied any intention of establishing another college, although the manner with which he shook

hands with Mr. Carlin when the latter sat down after advocating the establishment of a rival college rather puzzled your correspondent. This course of Mr. Peet was the surest way of disarming his opponents, and left them absolutely without anything to say, as they did not wish to appear to doubt the warmth of his protestations. Every one wondered what Mr. Hotchkiss had been firing at, as his remarks were evidently aimed at the New York Institution and its Principal.

One little incident, as insignificant, perhaps, as the hand-shaking mentioned above, still further mystified us. One Mr. Johnson, a teacher in the New York Institution, thought it incumbent upon him to assert that he could not call the Institution in Washington a college. It did not include several studies that were pursued in colleges for the hearing; therefore it could not be called a college, but an academy or high school! He did not want paste; he wanted the real diamond; therefore he could not support the claims of the National Deaf-Mute College; not he!

Why did the subordinate thus differ from his superior? The simplest explanation would be to lay it to independence of opinion; but was Mr. Johnson's opinion an independent one? He had never been to college himself; he had never seen the inside of the National Deaf-Mute College; in short, he knew nothing about the matter, and made his assertion in the face of Mr. Hotchkiss' statement that the College course of study corresponds to that of other colleges. His opinion was therefore formed by hearsay, (or see-say,) and was far from independent.

Altogether, every one got his ideas of which is pretty well mixed up, and the effect of Mr. Hotchkiss' effort to open the eyes of intelligent New York deaf-mutes to the great self-interest they are neglecting, was completely neutralized. We wait patiently, for Mr. Peet says: "Public opinion concentrated upon a wrong will compel it to surrender;" and the public opinion of the New York deaf community cannot but soon take cognizance of this wrong.

THE CLERC MEMORIAL.

To-day has been one of very satisfactory results to those interested in the Clerc Memorial movement. The New York delegates came into the Convention in a tremendous hurry to push things through, adopt a constitution, elect officers, and so forth, and one gentleman wound up a vehement speech with the declaration, made on tip-toe and "with strong and graceful gesture," that "we must strike while the iron is hot; if we delay, the interest which is now at a fever heat will flag, and finally die out," and "New York seeks an alliance with the whole country in this movement, yet she has raised one thousand dollars—bang—and, if need be, CAN ERECT THIS MEMORIAL SINGLE-HANDED!—BANG." [Applause.]

But other counsel finally prevailed, and the Committee on the Constitution brought in a report recommending the very plan that has been advocated in THE SILENT WORLD, and it was adopted. Possibly there were some who bore in mind the fact that the rest of the country could erect the Memorial without the aid of New York, if need there were.

The plan is essentially as follows: A General Committee was selected, composed of the following persons: Thos. Brown, N. H., Chairman; H. W. Syle, N. Y., Secretary; J. G. Parkinson, Washington, T. Jefferson Trist, Penn.; Thos. L. Brown, Mich., Joseph H. Barnes, La. This Committee is to ascertain the sentiments of the various deaf-mute communities, and frame a constitution as nearly as possible in accord with those sentiments. Then this constitution is to be submitted to every organization for their vote of approval or condemnation, a majority of such votes to secure its adoption or rejection. After this a convention of delegates, chosen

as the constitution shall provide, will assemble, and elect the officers of the National Association.

At one time a regular rumpus seemed imminent when the Washington delegates signified their inability to join in the deliberations of the Convention on account of the hasty and every way unfortunate conditions imposed upon them by the home Association, they having been instructed not to join the Convention unless the Associations in Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, and elsewhere, which had agreed to the Washington plan, should be represented. As these localities had no delegates at the Convention, the Washington men considered themselves debarred from participating. This created quite a stir, and some resented it; but as they desired only to be left alone after that, things soon smoothed over, and the deliberation went on in the usual dull, monotonous manner.

In order to show how far THE SILENT WORLD was correct in its assertion that this Convention could not hope to represent the whole country, and consequently had no authority to frame a constitution and elect officers, we give the number of delegates and the sections of the country they represented: New York had twelve; five from the Fanwood Literary Association, five from the New York Branch, and two from the New York Literary Association. The rest of the country had about an equal number: five from New England; two from Pennsylvania; two from Michigan; one each from Louisiana and Indiana. Some of these latter were self-appointed representatives, and we suppose that able parliamentarian, John Carlin, "smiled," ("only a momentary rising of the corner of the mouth," you know,) as on more frivolous grounds he "smiled" at Washington in *The Advance*—but he did not object!

MESSRS. GALLAUDET, PEET, AND RIDER.

We cannot help expressing our admiration for the interest of Messrs. Gallaudet and Peet in the welfare of the deaf-mutes of New York. They are present at all conventions. No other engagements are allowed to interfere with their attendance, and it is largely owing to them that these gatherings possess the interest they do. Other principals might imitate Mr. Peet in this. Mr. Gallaudet's care and interest are not limited to the New York deaf-mutes, but extend over the whole country, and he is in all conventions and in all places striving for the spiritual and moral elevation of our class.

To Mr. Rider and the other officers of the Association great praise is due for their untiring efforts for the comfort of those who attended the Convention, and we are happy to record the election of the old board of officers, with but one or two exceptions. Mr. Rider deserves especial praise for his endeavors to promote good feeling, and to render the deliberation of the Convention as interesting as possible. We feel greatly indebted to him for various acts of kindness, and he has our hearty thanks.

THE NEXT CONVENTION AT ROCHESTER.

We hope that the next Convention of the Empire State Association, to be held in Rochester, will be as successful and as productive of pleasure and interest as this one has been. In anticipation of such being the case, we say beforehand that we will be there, and hope to see all we have met here, and many more.

H.

"DOCTOR," said an old lady to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?" "Why—hem!—certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech." "La, me!" remarked the old lady, "now jest see what it is to have a physic education! I've axed my old man more'n a hundred times that same thing, and he couldn't say."

A HINDOO STORY.

A DEAF shepherd was one day tending his flock near his own village, and thought it was almost noon; his wife had not yet brought him his breakfast. He was afraid to leave his sheep to go in quest of it, lest some accident should befall them. But his hunger could not be appeased; and upon looking round he spied a *Talaiyara*, or village hind, who had come to cut grass for his cow near a neighboring spring. He went to call him, though very reluctantly, because he knew that, though those servants of the village are sent as watchmen to prevent theft, yet they are great thieves themselves. He hailed him, however, and requested him just to give an eye to his flock for the short time he should be absent, and that he would not forget him when he returned from breakfast.

But the man was as deaf as himself; and mistaking his intentions, he angrily asked the shepherd, "What right have you to take this grass, which I have had the trouble to cut? Is my cow to starve that your sheep may fatten? Go about thy business, and let me alone!" The deaf shepherd observed the repulsive gesture of the hind, which he took for a signal of acquiescence in his request, and therefore briskly ran towards the village, fully determined to give his wife a good lesson for her neglect. But when he approached his house he saw her before the door rolling in violent pain, brought on by eating over night too great a quantity of raw green peas. Her sad condition, and the necessity he was under to provide breakfast for himself, detained the shepherd longer than he wished; while the small confidence he had in the person with whom he left his sheep accelerated his return to the utmost.

Overjoyed to see his flock peaceably feeding near the spot where he left them, he counted them over, and finding that there was not a single sheep missing, "He is an honest fellow," quoth he, "this *Talaiyara*; the very jewel of his race! I promised him a reward, and he shall have it." There was a lame beast in the flock, well enough in other respects, which he hoisted on his shoulders, and carried to the place where the hind was, and courteously offered him the mutton, saying—

"You have taken great care of my sheep during my absence. Take this one for your trouble."

"I!" says the deaf hind, "I break your sheep's leg! I'll be hanged if I went near your flock since you have been gone, or stirred from the place where I now am."

"Yes," says the shepherd, "it is good and fat mutton, and will be a treat to you and your family or friends."

"Have I not told thee," replied the *Talaiyara*, in a rage, "that I never went near thy sheep? And yet thou wilt accuse me of breaking that one's leg. Get about thy business, or I will give thee a good beating!"

And, by his gestures, he seemed determined to put his threat into execution. The astonished shepherd got into a passion also, and assumed a posture of defiance. They were just proceeding to blows, when a man on horseback came up. To him they both appealed to decide the dispute between them; and the shepherd, laying hold of the bridle, requested the horseman to alight just a moment and to settle the difference between him and the beggarly *Talaiyara*. "I have offered him a present of a sheep," says he, "because I thought he had done me a service; and, in requital, he will knock me down. The villager was at the same time preferring his complaint, that the shepherd would accuse him of breaking the leg of his sheep, when he had never been near his flock.

The horseman, to whom they both appealed, happened to be as deaf as they, and did not understand a word that either of them said. But seeing them both addressing him with vehemence, he made a sign for them to listen to him, and then frankly told them that he confessed the horse he rode on was

not his own. "It was a stray one that I found on the road," quoth he, "and being at a loss, I mounted him for the sake of expedition. If he be yours, take him. If not, pray let me proceed, as I am really in great haste."

The shepherd and the village hind, each imagining that the horseman had decided in favor of the other, became more violent than ever, both accusing him whom they had taken for their judge of partiality.

At this crisis there happened to come up an aged Brahmin. Instantly they all crowded around him, shepherd, *Talaiyari* and horseman, each claiming his interposition, and a decision in his favor. All spoke together, every one telling his own tale. But the Brahmin had lost his hearing also. "I know," said he, "you want to compel me to return home to her," (meaning his wife;) "but do you know her character? In all the legions of the wicked ones, I defy you to find one that is her equal in wickedness. Since the time I first bought her, she has made me commit more sin than it will be in my power to expiate in thirty generations. I am going on a pilgrimage to Kasi, (Benares,) where I will wash myself from the innumerable crimes I have been led into from the hour in which I had the misfortune to make her my wife. Then will I wear out the rest of my days on alms in a strange land."

While they were all four venting their exclamations, without hearing a word, the horse-stealer perceived some people advancing towards them with great speed. Fearing they might be the owners of the beast, he dismounted and took to his heels. The shepherd, seeing it was growing late, went to look after his flock, pouring out maledictions, as he trudged, on all arbitrators, and bitterly complaining that all justice had departed from the earth. Then he bethought himself of a snake that crossed his path in the morning as he came out of the sheepfold, and which might account for the troubles he had that day experienced. The *Talaiyara* returned to his load of grass, and finding the lame sheep there he took it on his shoulder, to punish the shepherd for the vexation he had given him, and the aged Brahmin pursued his course to a choultry that was not far off. A quiet night and sound sleep soothed his anger in part, and early in the morning several Brahmins, his neighbors and relations, who had traced him out, persuaded him to return home, promising to engage his wife to be more obedient and less quarrelsome in future.—*Good Words for the Young.*

A NARROW log lay as a bridge over a ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross it a big Newfoundland and a little Italian greyhound. Of course they met in the middle; of course there was not room for them to pass; neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix! The little dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose straight up in the air, and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound, as if to say, "Be still, younger, and listen." Then there was silence and seeming confabulation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bestriding the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully. The little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shores the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the Newfoundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievement, as he surely had a right to do.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE SILENT WORLD.

Editors and Proprietors,

J. BURTON HOTCHKISS,
J. G. PARKINSON,

JAMES DENISON,
MELVILLE BALLARD.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1871.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

THIS meeting has at least accomplished some good. Although nothing definite came of the discussions upon Agriculture, Insurance Leagues, and the National Deaf-Mute College, those concerned can point with just pride to what was actually done in respect to the Clerc Memorial. The appointment of a committee may not seem to be a very great result at first view; and it would not be, were it simply the appointment of the committee and no more. The spirit of harmony that will rise as a consequence of this action, and spread through the various associations which before seemed well nigh hopelessly divided, is by far the greatest result attained. Every one will see in this committee a just concession to the rights of all, and none can now find reasonable cause for complaint.

Much praise is evidently due to the New York deaf-mutes for this result. It is plain from the constitution of the convention that, if they had so chosen, they could have manufactured a constitution and elected another board of officers. That they curbed their natural impatience to go forward in a way they thought would carry them onward most rapidly in this project, and adopted this surer if slower method of accomplishing the ultimate end, is greatly to their credit.

We would have been better satisfied if some measure had been taken to expedite the formation of additional associations, but in view of the attainment of so much in the short time the convention had for deliberation, we have no right to find fault, and are content. But we call upon all those interested in seeing a memorial to Clerc a reality to quickly organize associations in localities where they do not now exist; and let this committee proceed vigorously with the work allotted it, and speedily have a constitution drawn up, in order that the convention of delegates may assemble soon. Then the work will go on more rapidly to the consummation so devoutly wished.

IN other respects, also, this convention was very successful, and it is on account of this very success that we venture to point out one or two defects. It is very unpleasant for us to feel compelled to find fault, but our sense of duty will not allow us to pass unnoticed some things to which our correspondent refers in another column, and which also came under our own immediate cognizance.

We allude chiefly to the drunkenness which prevailed in Congress Hall among the young men. They were reeling about quite freely in the halls, in the office, and even in the parlors, insulting ladies and others. There was even a free fight between two in one parlor filled with ladies.

The young men may think that such conduct is manly; but they should remember it is not pleasant to other people. If they will get drunk, we would advise them to go to some of the places intended for such a beastly state, and not insult respectable people, and cast a slur upon the convention and upon their Alma Mater by parading their sin before all eyes. But the best course is for them to refrain from drinking at all.

We do not wonder as much as we might at their conduct when we remember the example set by their betters; and we hardly think that they are deserving of as much censure as

those teachers who had wine standing by their plates at the banquet, or who were seen to go into the bar and to come out with their breath smelling of whiskey. Yes, we almost cease to wonder when we remember that we ourselves were invited to "a treat" by officers of the association. It is true these gentlemen never get drunk, never insult ladies; but we affirm that the reform must begin with them before these conventions can assemble without this glaring defect.

It is unfortunate if the great pleasure derived from these gatherings cannot be had without this alloy; but we had rather see the convention itself given up than have this thing go on; for if it goes on, these meetings are but schools of intemperance and immorality to these young men. Three days of such experience will damn more souls than the rector of St. Ann's church, with all his earnestness, can save in a year.

We do not charge this sin upon the New York deaf-mutes alone. Some of the drunken ones were from other States; and from what we know of the conventions of other associations, we have reason to believe it is the same with them. But we own our experience of conventions is small, and it may be on account of our very greenness that we are so scrupulous. It may be the proper thing for teachers to smoke and drink wine and whiskey, and for young men to get drunk at conventions, but we must seriously "doubt our doubt."

We confess we have an ideal teacher of the deaf and dumb. He neither smokes nor chews, drinks nor swears. It grieves us beyond measure to meet with any who fall short in these essential particulars.

We have written more in sorrow than in anger, and we sincerely wish those who are concerned would take it as it is meant—to reform an evil. Especially do we ask of those in authority to set a better example; and of the young men, that they be manly enough to refrain from drinking at such gatherings, for we enjoyed ourselves so much at this convention of the Empire State Association, and have such faith in the beneficial effects of conventions in general, that we have a natural desire to see what is foul and unhealthy in them done away with, and what is pure and good perpetuated to all the future.

NOTES.

WE have not deemed it expedient to give up so great a portion of our space as the publication of a report of the proceedings of the Convention of the Empire State Association would require, and our subscription list in New York State is not large enough to warrant the issue of a supplement, as we originally intended. We flatter ourselves, however, that our correspondence from Albany covers all the important points, and gives much other matter of interest that could not be included in a report of the proceedings.

THOSE who wish for a more detailed account are advised to send for a copy of *The New York State Radii*, published at Fort Plain, New York, which gives a very full and tolerably correct account of the deliberations, including all the addresses, written and impromptu, wise and otherwise.

WE have been considerably surprised and amused to see how well the extempore speeches have been revised and improved; and we are a little afraid that there is much in the printed report that was not said at Albany, and much left out that was really spoken. But then, who can remember everything he does and does not say in a moment of excitement?

IN our remarks upon Mr. Syle's communication upon "The Fanwood Literary Association and the Clerc Memorial," published in our August number, we inadvertently stated that the circular letter issued by the Principal of the New York Institu-

tion to the parents and friends of the pupils, soliciting subscriptions to the Clerc Memorial Fund, contained no allusion to the fact that Mr. Peet was working for the Fanwood Literary Association. We had no copy at hand to which to refer, and we had seen the letter but once, some time before, in the hands of another person, and a strong impression that it was Mr. Peet's own measure, which remained after the rest had been forgotten, led to our mistake. Had some of our New York friends been kind enough to forward us a copy of the letter in question we should not have done them this injustice.

THE impression still remains that the originator and prime mover in this plan of the circular letter, which has met with such success, is Mr. Peet, pure and simple. Any one who has taken note of his unfailing interest in the deaf-mutes of his State, of his enthusiasm in any project in which he wishes New York to lead, and of the immense influence his opinion has everywhere among them, must believe this. If he chooses to give the Fanwood Literary Association the credit of this letter, it is his own affair, but just persons will insist in giving honor where honor is due.

WE understand from a reliable source that the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes is in no very prosperous condition. The enthusiasm which characterized its meetings in convention began to wane after the very large and enthusiastic one held in the Asylum at Hartford in 1866, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of that Institution. It has given up its time-honored custom of assembling in the summer months, and holds its next convention in Boston on the 1st of January, 1872, and this, to our eyes, is a sign of decay. It would indeed be a pity should this pioneer association die out. From it have sprung all sister associations, and its example and practice have been potent in their meetings and organization. We believe these associations can be made the agency of much good, and therefore we call upon our New England friends to take effective measures to rejuvinate the Gallaudet Association at its next meeting, and give it a new lease of life. We think that if the officers of the Asylum, and especially its principal, would manifest an interest in the thing, and seek to strengthen the bonds between it and the Asylum, it would be for the good of both.

OUR correspondent in Indiana mentions the resignation of Mr. Geo. W. Cox, of the office of steward of the Institution in that State, and lays it to non-agreement with the trustees in politics. We cannot but hope our correspondent is mistaken in the cause of Mr. Cox's retirement, for we should consider it an ill omen to see the bane of politics invade a field in which it should have no part nor parcel. Deaf-mute instruction and politics are as widely removed as the poles, and the efficiency of the American system will begin to degenerate the moment political considerations are allowed to affect the appointment of officers. What will become of deaf-mute education, should a man's political opinions decide his eligibility to the position of principal, teacher, or steward in our institutions? What will become of us poor deaf-mutes should the officers of our institutions change as often as the party in power? We are of the opinion that a man may be a good officer be he democrat or republican, radical or conservative, and trustees of deaf-mute institutions have no business to meddle with a man's political convictions.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN, of N. Y., who, in his address before the late deaf-mute convention at Albany, commended agriculture as a pursuit worthy the attention of the deaf, spoke from experience it seems. In a late speech before the Westchester County Agricultural Fair, he said all he "knew about farming" was learned in just thirty minutes by following a plough, and he said that in that thirty minutes he got enough of it!

BREVITIES.

LOVE and thought are "the leaves for the healing of the nations."

THERE were about three hundred persons at the Albany Convention.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH, in New York city, has fifty deaf-mute communicants.

THERE are two deaf-mute vestrymen among the officers of St. Ann's Church.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN was once for a long time a parishioner of St. Ann's Church.

NEARLY every resident of Mexico, N. Y., can converse with the finger alphabet.

ONE happy fellow popped the question at Albany, and was answered with a soft and trembling "Yes."

THE "Illinois Branch of the Clerc Monument Association" has collected \$15.30. Couldn't they do better?

A LATE deaf and dumb blunder is "the Untied States." Not so true as it would have been a few years ago.

THE deaf-mutes of New York are becoming less bashful at conventions. So says the president of their association.

ST. ANN'S Church for deaf-mutes commemorated its nineteenth anniversary on the 1st instant. It has collected the sum of \$13,449.64 during the past year.

R. P. says "WAX END" is mistaken about the dissolution of the Ohio Branch Clerc Monument Association, and 'tis Wax End himself who is dead!

DR. SAMSON, late president of Columbian College, Washington, read a paper on "The Sign Language" before the Philological Convention held in New Haven, Conn., in August.

A DEAF-MUTE by the name of Reynolds, educated in the American Asylum, is serving out a sentence of eight years in the State penitentiary in Pennsylvania for garroting and robbing.

THOMAS SHADY, a deaf-mute, residing at 157 East Broadway, N. Y., during an altercation on Sunday, Sept. 3, with some unknown parties, at No. 30 West Thirteenth street, was stabbed in the left leg and slightly injured.

ST. ANN'S Church and Parsonage, New York, have been thoroughly overhauled and renovated during the summer months. The organ has been transferred from the front part of the church to a recess in one side, near the pulpit.

AT Albany, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet withdrew his proposition for a home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes, and consequently it was not discussed. But we shall not let it rest so, for we believe it the most suitable thing for the memorial.

MR. E. R. DAVIS, a deaf-mute, and one of our subscribers, residing in Birmingham, Conn., has the honor—if honor there be—of being the first person run over on the new Derby and New Haven Railroad in that State. His injuries were: four toes on his left foot cut off; head, shoulder, and left leg badly bruised.

MR. J. L. NOYES, of the Institution at Faribault, has an article in *The Minnesota Teacher* on "The Census—Its Relations to the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind." He gives plausible reasons for thinking the returns are incorrect as far as they relate to the deaf and dumb. Not more than two-thirds of this class are returned as they should be. He thinks there ought to be at least one hundred deaf mutes under instruction in Minnesota.

A FATAL SYSTEM.

"GINX'S BABY" is the title of one of the most influential of recently published books. Its author, I believe, is a Mr. Edward Jenkins, barrister, of Montreal. It is not one of the best books, for it is a satire. Nevertheless, it tells many wholesome truths, "very salt, and bitter, and good." It deals with some of the most important questions that rack society. It has had a very wide circulation. Its readers are numbered by the hundred thousand. And they are persons who are accustomed to think out and work out what they read—the highest class of readers.

One of the characters in this book, speaking of the infant called Ginx's Baby, is made to say: "It may die, or prove to be an idiot, or deaf and dumb, and hence not need to be educated."

We will charitably suppose that the author is as ignorant of the needs and capabilities of deaf-mutes as are (*vide Richard Elliott's paper in the July Annals*) the members of the British Parliament.

Neither can we assign any cause for this ignorance save the manner in which deaf-mutes are treated by the English Government. That system which accords to the mute only the treatment accorded idiots and paupers not only entails triple his natural woe upon the mute. It hampers truth. It lessens the sum of human charity. It leads statesmen like Mr. Assheton and authors like Mr. Jenkins to speak and write that which may do as much evil in one direction as their good words are calculated to do in others.

A. G. D.

MR. BATTERSON'S OPINION OF THE COST OF THE CLERC MEMORIAL.

At Albany Mr. John Carlin read a letter from Mr. J. G. Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, in reply to his (Carlin's) letter asking information as to the expense of erecting either a monument or a statue to the memory of Mr. Clerc. Mr. Carlin's inquiries elicited the following facts as to the costs of different kinds of monuments, statues and busts:

1. To procure a suitable memorial for Mr. Clerc, you ought to have at the least \$5,000, which sum would give you a larger and more imposing monument than that of Mr. Gallaudet. The same amount of material varies as to design—say about \$2,500.
2. Granite does not vary much as to the cost from marble.
3. A colossal bust, (portrait,) with suitable pedestal for park bust in bronze—say about \$3,000, according to size
4. For modelling portrait bust, life size, three to four hundred dollars.
5. Duplicates, life size, of bust in bronze would depend very much upon the number wanted. Cannot give you a definite price at present.
6. Duplicates in plaster, if any considerable number should be wanted—say ten to fifteen dollars each.
7. A portrait statue in bronze would cost, with suitable pedestal, eight to ten thousand dollars.
- 8 and 9. I do not think a simple granite shaft would be allowed in the park at Hartford, though a statue or colossal bust would be.
10. The bust would look well upon the Asylum grounds, and would harmonize better with the Gallaudet monument than a granite shaft.
11. I would not advise any railing or posts; it will be better without.
12. If desired to make a design for the monument, I should do it gratuitously as a token of the high respect in which I hold the memory of my friend, Mr. Clerc.

NATURE'S FISH BARREL.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., is becoming to a very considerable extent a summer resort for the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity. A party of over twenty, we were informed upon a recent flying visit to the tangled and romantic old town, passed a fortnight very pleasantly there during the month of August, in fishing, boating, and kindred pursuits. Our stay was barely long enough to exchange pleasantries with the natives. One of these seaside philosophers, whose dictionary, as a proof of erudition, was upside down, remarked that the cost of living in Marblehead was reduced by the price of fish furnished freely to residents from "Nature's Fish Barrel."

Besides visitors, quite a number of deaf-mutes have their permanent home here; among others, Mr. Swett, President of the N. E. Gallaudet Association, and Mr. Chamberlain, formerly editor of *The Gazette*. Under their auspices a weekly class, embracing the ten or twelve mutes of the village, meets every Sabbath for religious and social conversation, either in Mr. Swett's pleasant "cottage by the sea," or in Mr. Chamberlain's neighboring house.

A ride upon the bay in a fishing dory, and a moonlight sail with an old school-mate at the helm outside the headlands, permitting a view of the numerous lights off the coast, gave us a slight taste of the amusements open to pleasure and health seekers; and when the Old Man of the Mountain appears in the new setting promised by Mr. Swett we expect to procure a copy as a pleasant memento of a very enjoyable visit. P.

AN unfortunate division has existed for some time past between the deaf mutes of Boston, the result of which is the present existence of two rival organizations nominally religious in their aims—the Boston Christian Association and the Massachusetts Christian Union. The reason of this separation we do not certainly know; but whatever it is, there should be no obstacle in the way of a permanent reunion upon a well-defined and equitable basis, and a persistent endeavor to bring about this end is plainly the duty of the religious instructors of both bodies without regard to any personal ends.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

A MONUMENT THE BEST.

I AM too penniless to contribute directly to the means of the Clerc Maasoleum. What hereafter I may do, in the event of the subscription paper continuing open, I cannot say, but think I will aid.

I believe it had best be a monument, not far from, or even contiguous to, Mr. Gallaudet's. Mr. Booth's suggestion is objectionable; for if you make the memento a statue, it will not possibly endure so long as would a cenotaph, in consequence of being subject to accidents, to the depredation of bad boys, reckless men seeking memorials for antiquarians, or from soldiers during political casualties, from fire, removal, &c. A pile of stones made up into beauty is much more durable. Let it be of granite base or pediment, which is cheap, surmounted by a column, marmorean.

Neither would it do, as to success, for our tribe of the Ear and Tongue to try to rear a Refuge for the old and feeble of our class. It requires a "sum of cash" vastly larger than we can raise to construct and make provision for such an edifice. We must, therefore, as a monument to our benefactor, abandon as chimerical this project. A monument is the thing—that only.

Were some millionaire, like Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, to will to our class of citizens munificent means for the intent, such a hospital could be built and furnished. But who and where is the Girard for us?

J. J. F.

TWO CHIPS.

MR. EDITOR: Reading the story, "The Guardian Angel," in an old number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, (Sept., 1867,) I came across the following, purporting to be a passage from Prof. Gridley's "Thoughts on the Universe," (of course, an imaginary book:) "There is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf-mute of literature. The great asylum of oblivion is full of such, making inaudible signs to each other in leaky garrets and unattainable dusty upper shelves." A gloomy, uncomfortable asylum that!

Did you ever meet with a little poem ascribed to Wordsworth, "The Deaf Man?" I read it with interest many years ago. It was probably a picture of real life. The deaf man of Wordsworth was a man whose enjoyments were mainly in his books. He had his human sympathies; but he seemed so entirely cut off from love and marriage that no longings even of that kind ever disturbed his philosophical serenity. How different from our American deaf men, to whom, thanks to the successful labors of Clerc, Gallaudet, and their successors, the prospect of having a home of their own, in the full sense of the word, is as open as to their brethren who hear.

J. R. B.

J. J. F. TUNES HIS LYRE.

Editors Silent World:

GENTLEMEN: In your second number, page 6, second column, I observed remarks on the "Deaf Mute and Music." The query leads to the idea of any of us writing poetry, of which music is the foundation. Can a mute so unhearing as myself write a poem? I am totally deaf; though a semi-mute. As an instance of the capacity of such of us as have studied the Muses well and laboriously, I beg leave to enclose you the published extract from *The Southern Watchman*, press of Athens, Georgia, as a specimen of my own original composition. You will please copy it, if acceptable, for an exhibition of mute capability. Hearing persons call it faultless. Let the friends of mutes who read THE SILENT WORLD judge. Pay no attention to the amorous nature of the lines, or that it is a love song! Poets are not restricted in subjects; and whether or not I am widower and in love is nobody's business, if it be true that the lines denote poetic ability.

J. J. FLOURNOY.

[TO MISS B., OF JACKSON COUNTY.]

The star that, as I wander, lone,
Attracts my pulsing heart to muse,
Is, lovely one, but all thine own—
And robes thy form in beauty's hues!

The silver lamps, in brilliance hung,
Where Cynthia walks the lucid blue,
Seem diamonds o'er thy tresses flung,
Or imaged there as glistening dew;

Or gem of light, like roseate morn,
Which, pearly-tinted, gleams the world;
While sweetly radiant smiles adorn,
As zephyrs fan each golden curl!

Ah, in that eye responsive beams
Unspoken love, and from my breast
The burning rapture of my dreams
Change earth to Heaven, and make it blest!

And heav'n its ample stores reserves,
Above yon glitt'ring hosts of Night,
To seal our loves, as it preserves
Our friendship, woven in its light.

That Heav'n, its oft-forgotten love
To man, makes vocal, in those eyes!
And tun'd as angels' harp above,
That voice to me—if ear could prize!

A REGIMENT OF DEAF-MUTES.

THE *Schweizer Bote*, of Aarau, Switzerland, says: "Our town has for months past been visited by extraordinary numbers of fugitives from the French civil population. Consuls and other officials readily speak of Aarau as a good resort for the needy, and accordingly we have a number of necessitous persons to support in our town. Among the hundreds of cases of applications for relief to the secretary of the Aarau Aid Society, a case presented itself the other day, unique in its kind. A deaf and dumb couple from France begged for assistance on their journey to Zurich. The husband, now a civilian, was a few weeks ago in a corps of Franc-Tireurs, consisting of 400 deaf and dumb volunteers, commanded by an officer in the enjoyment of all his senses. Our deaf and dumb friend received a ball in the left leg, and fell into the hands of the Germans, by whom he was healed and then released. When he returned home he found everything in ruins, and accordingly he resolved to take his wife with him and go to Switzerland. The unhappy couple were assisted by our Aid Society and sent on to Zurich, after they had rested for two days and been well taken care of at the Aarau Deaf and Dumb Institute. The deaf and dumb Franc-Tireur's story would hardly have been credited had it not been confirmed by his papers, and the investigations made in the Institute. To what a pitch things must have come in France when they lead the deaf and dumb to battle!"

PROF. LLEWELLYN PRATT, of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., accepts the call tendered him by the church in North Adams, formerly under Washington Gladdin's charge. Salary \$3,000, and parsonage.

THE *Figaro* tells a good story of the German occupation in France. A lady, it says, residing in the Department of the Seine et Marne, had a Prussian quartered upon her from the commencement of the invasion. Fortunately, he told her, on taking possession of his apartments, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk before him as if he were not present, and she even played on her piano after the Prussian had gone to sleep, although he occupied the next room. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he had been ordered elsewhere. "Madam," he said, "I wish you good day." "And I," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace, "I wish you may fall down the stairs and break your neck, you thief, robber, assassin!" "Oh, madam!" interrupted the Prussian, "excuse me; I forgot to tell you that I was only deaf by command of my military superior."

ONCE upon a time—so the story goes—W. B. S. was asked by the jolly skipper of a fishing smack to give the company the size of the largest spider he had ever seen. Now the "Old Man of the Mountain" rather prides himself on spiders, and so, nothing loth, he triumphantly measured off on his thumb the dimensions of an enormous insect. The skipper did not think much of S.—'s tarantula; he had seen bigger ones—much—and offered to show one larger than the crown of his tarpaulin. S. was incredulous until the captain produced a certain harmless kitchen utensil. A smile went round.

Later in the day S. was observed at the vessel's side hauling on board what was evidently the great catch of the cruise. Offers of assistance were excitedly declined, and motioning the crowd aside S. worked harder than ever. The skipper's attention was attracted, and in a moment he was on the spot; the bystanders were roughly shoved aside, and, bristling with importance, he demanded and received the coveted line. Up it came steadily, hand over hand, the strain betokening a heavy capture, until at last with a dextrous flourish the skipper landed on the deck an enormous—stone! The "Old Man" had his revenge.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

AMERICAN ASYLUM.

THE term commenced on the 7th of September. Two hundred and thirty-eight boys (two colored) and 85 girls (one colored) are in attendance. More are expected.

All the teachers are at their posts; two having crawled from opposite sides of this dark and troublous ball of earth: Miss Mann, from California, and Mr. Clark, from England. The other teachers spent their vacation nearer home.

A philanthropist of Providence, R. I.—often called the “prisoner’s friend”—has got his name in the item column of the newspapers again by bringing a little boy to the Asylum and paying for his books and clothing.

The mystic and weather-beaten letters “J. B. H., JAN. 1863,” continue to adorn one of the seats on the reservoir. Near is “L. C. TUCK.”

Huge polly-wogs wiggle-waggle in the water of the reservoir, and die and turn white, making a pleasant sight for those who drink it.

The fountain breeds mosquitoes.

Within ten years Hartford has spread wonderfully in the direction of Asylum Hill. Where were frog ponds in the summer and skating ponds in winter are now stately residences.

The marble piece on top of the granite base of the Gallaudet monument is much cracked, and looks as if about to crumble—a soft morsel for the tooth of Time!

Miss Elmira D. Clapp resigned her position as teacher at the close of the last term to engage in teaching the young idea how to shoot in a private family. The vacancy has been filled by the appointment of Mr. William L. Bird, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, and lately employed in the Virginia Institution.

ILLINOIS.

THE south wing of the Institution has been demolished, and is being rebuilt in a very substantial manner. It is hoped to have it finished by the 1st of December next, and school will therefore not commence till the 6th of December. A good long vacation.

INDIANA.

THE present session opened Sept. 20th, and over 260 pupils are in attendance.

Mr. E. W. Wood, a graduate of the Hartford Institution, who has filled the position of instructor for the past two years in the most efficient and satisfactory manner, resigned at the close of last session for the purpose of engaging in mercantile pursuits in partnership with his brother. The vacancy has been filled by the appointment of Miss Sadie J. Crabb, of the high class, as a teacher.

Mr. Geo. W. Cox, who has discharged the duties of steward for the past year, also tendered his resignation, which took effect the first of this month, and Mr. E. Howland has been named as his successor. Non-agreement with the trustees in politics necessitated his withdrawal.

Owing to the large number of pupils who have applied for admission, it has been found expedient to add two new teachers to the force of instructors. One of these has been secured in the person of Miss Isabella Gillet, daughter of Mr. H. S. Gillet, teacher of the high class. Miss Gillet takes charge of the department of articulation, relieving Mr. J. B. Gordon, who begins the study of the sign language, and will shortly take charge of a regular class.

Mr. A. W. Martindale and Miss Frances A. Sanford, two recent graduates of the high class, on the 1st of August vowed “to love, cherish and obey each other until death do them part.” [We think our correspondent means they were married.—ED.]

The Lafayette Journal, of Aug. 8th, has the following: “A company of deaf-mutes arrived in town to-day in order to see for themselves the attractions of our beautiful city, of which they had often heard. And they do say that suspicion exists in the minds of many that it was a wedding party, from the hilarity of the silent strangers.”

KANSAS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Advance* says: “A complete separation of the domestic and educational departments has been made. The principal is principal now of the educational department only, is subject to the supervision of the board of trustees, and is required, together with his assistants, to board out of the Institution. The steward and matron only live in the Institution, and they have entire control of the domestic department and of all pupils out of school hours, and are also subject to the supervision of the board of trustees.”

A similar arrangement is in operation in the primary branch of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The principal, Mr. Denison, however, does not at present board out of the Institution; and he, as well as the supervisor (or steward) and the matrons, are made responsible to President Gallaudet, as the head of the Institution, instead of to a board of trustees or directors. The office of supervisor is at present vacant.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MISS ROGERS, of the Clarke Institution at Northampton, was at Cassel, in Germany, when last heard from, improving her knowledge of German before going to the Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau, after which she was to spend some time in Vienna. Her health was much improved by her journey. In Germany she has met Mr. G. G. Hubbard, who has been visiting some deaf-mute schools, and in London Miss Rogers herself visited two or three schools.

The school-year at the Clarke Institution began September 20 with an increased number of pupils.

MICHIGAN.

SCHOOL began on the 14th of Sept., with about 180 pupils, including the blind—30 more than last year.

Thomas Brown, of New Hampshire, has been at this Institution on a visit to his son.

Another visitor is Mr. James E. Story, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., a mute, and an artist by profession.

Gas fixtures have been put up, and soon the Institution will be lighted with gas.

Miss M. J. Adams, a former matron at Delavan, Wisconsin, has taken the position of assistant matron here.

NEW YORK.

SCHOOL opened Sept. 7th. One hundred and forty pupils appeared on the first day; about 200 more came within a week. The full number of five hundred or more will be in attendance in a few weeks. There is always a great want of punctuality in sending pupils back after vacation. This, when the delay extends to weeks, is a serious loss to the pupils.

Only two of the corps of teachers have left. Miss Mary Johnson has gone to the Wisconsin Institution. Miss Kitty Blauvelt has left as a teacher and returned as an assistant matron; and Miss L. C. Price, who was an assistant matron last year, is now a teacher. Fort Lewis Selney, a graduate of the high class, is one of the new teachers, and one or two hearing and speaking teachers are expected.

Dr. Brooks, the Superintendent, has been for some time disabled by fever and ague, but is reported to be improving.

The High Class has been divided. The higher division, designated as the supplementary class, includes six or seven of the most advanced, who study Latin, algebra, geometry, etc., under the direction of the Principal, assisted by the professors. The remainder of the class, a score or more, study botany, history, higher arithmetic, English composition, etc.

Under Dr. Brooks many improvements have been made, and the buildings have been thoroughly renovated and purified, and it is hoped the premises no longer present any lurking places for disease and death.

NEBRASKA.

ON August 27th, 1871, was laid the corner-stone of the new Institution building at Omaha, by the Rev. H. W. Kuhns. Among the articles placed in the stone were a history of the Institution by Mr. W. M. French, the Principal; first and second annual reports of the Institution; a copy of *The Deaf-Mute Home Circle*; a photograph of Mr. French; a list of the board of directors and officers of the Institution, and several coins.

The building will be forty-four by sixty feet, three stories high, exclusive of the attic. The foundations will be of stone, and the superstructure of brick. It will contain fourteen rooms, besides corridors, closets and attic. The building now in process of erection is but a small portion of what it is proposed to erect in the future. It stands on a lot of ten acres, donated by James Bonner and others. There is a fine view from its site, and in time Nebraska can boast of an institution as beautifully situated and as perfect in its appointments as any of those of her sister States.

OHIO.

SCHOOL commenced Sept. 13th, with 285 pupils in attendance, of which forty are new ones. From indications it was thought the number would reach 350. The high class has seventeen members.

New desks have been placed in the boys’ study-room. The old coil radiators have disappeared, and neat wall radiators have been put up.

The rapid increase in the number of pupils has rendered necessary some improvements in the buildings. The dining-room has been enlarged 30 feet by building up the entire space of the old court between the centre and school buildings. It is well lighted with four octagonal skylights—an arrangement well calculated to render the room cheerful.

Miss Ruth E. Hale, late of our high class, and Miss Adeline J. Evans have been added to the corps of teachers. Miss Rosa O. Gildersleeve, who was compelled to leave in February on account of the state of her health, returns to her duties with new strength. Miss Mary L. Brundige, who was the visitors’ attendant during the last year, has taken the articulation class, just vacated by Miss Charlotte A. Lathrop, who takes a place in the articulation school of Mr. Rising, in New York city. So there are eleven lady and eight male teachers.

Once upon a time there was not one lady teacher in this Institution. It was

in 1865. Ladies as teachers have risen fast in the public opinion here since then. To what are we to attribute the fact? To the influence of the much-agitated question of woman's suffrage, or possibly to the embarrassed condition of the State finances, which will not warrant the employment of M. A.s, as in the days of yore.

Some changes have taken place in the domestic department. Mrs. Martha F. Westervelt, who had been in the Institution fifteen years as matron, resigned in June to be married. Mrs. Maria P. Wakefield, our assistant matron, has succeeded her, and Mrs. Charlotte A. Babbitt, our house-keeper, has been promoted to the place of assistant matron. Miss Fannie Brown, late assistant matron of the Minnesota Institution, and a niece of the immortal John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, has the appointment of housekeeper. The position of visitors' attendant is filled by Miss Annie Byers.

TENNESSEE.

THE School opened on the 18th of Sept. One hundred and twelve pupils were in attendance, twenty of whom had never been to school before. Only a very few more can be accommodated.

W. O. Branum, a teacher and a graduate of this school, was married near the close of the summer, in Nashville to Miss Couch, of that place, also a graduate of this Institution.

WISCONSIN.

THE school opened on Thursday, the 7th of September.

The number of pupils in attendance is 131; the boys numbering 77 and the girls 54. More are expected, and the number will probably reach 150, which will be no more than the present accommodations can provide for.

The corps of teachers remains unchanged from that of last year, with the exception of Miss Northrup, whose position is filled by Miss Johnson. This lady has just finished three years' experience in the N. Y. Institution.

Mr. C. H. Rideout, the master of the shoe-shop, and Miss Hattie O. Armstrong, were married on the 9th of last August at Newton, Iowa. The bride was at one time the assistant matron of the Institution.

The ceiling of the chapel has been propped with iron pillars in place of the wooden ones used heretofore.

The steam-boilers have been repaired, and the gas machine exchanged for a more efficient one—gasoline being used in these machines. The heating and lighting arrangements have hitherto been in some measure inefficient, especially the former, during the winter months.

AUSTRALIA.

THE cause of deaf-mute education has made encouraging progress in Australia. Prof Peet, of N. Y., has received the eighth annual report of the Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institution, near Melbourne, in the colony of Victoria, South Australia, from which we learn that in August, 1870, the institution had 67 pupils. The government of the Colony aids it by a grant of £1,500 annually. We know not whether this is the only institution of the kind in these antipodean regions. The teacher and superintendent, Mr. Frederick J. Rose, receives private pay pupils in his own family at £40 per annum, if under twelve years; £45 if over that age.

ONTARIO.

SCHOOL commenced on the 6th of September, with seventy-five pupils in attendance.

Mr. Greene teaches the first class; Mr. Coleman, the second; Mr. McGann, the third; Mrs. Terrill, the fourth, and Mr. Watson, the fifth. Mrs. Kegan is the matron, and Mr. Christie steward. Miss Perry, a graduate of the New York Institution, is expected as an addition to the corps of teachers.

One of the pupils, a boy named Brady, about thirteen years old, was drowned near his home while in bathing during the vacation.

The Institution is large enough to comfortably accommodate 300 pupils. It has a fine location, commanding a beautiful view of the Bay of Quinte. The Institution grounds extend to the shore, and it has a dock and boathouse. The people of Canada seem very solicitous for the welfare of the deaf and dumb, and are disposed to afford every possible facility for their education.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Virginia Institution is \$13,000 in debt.

THERE is no institution for the education of deaf-mutes in the State of Mississippi.

Good subjects for the benevolent to endow—deaf-mute institutions, and especially the National Deaf-Mute College.

THE Western Institutions are fast increasing in the number of pupils under instruction, and some of them already largely outnumber all their Eastern sisters, with the exception of New York.

ALL of the Institutions have begun the year with very encouraging prospects. The number of pupils brought under instruction has increased greatly, and the time is not distant, we hope, when there will be none without the advantages of education.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

MR. SAMUEL A. ADAMS, of Baltimore, conducted Sunday services for deaf-mutes in Christ Church, Buffalo, on Aug. 13; St. Paul's Church, Rochester, on the 20th, and Trinity Church, Geneva, on the 27th. After attending the convention at Albany he returned to Baltimore, and there resumed his labors on the 3d of September, holding service at Grace Church Sunday-School room.

On Wednesday evening, August 29, in St. Paul's Church, Albany, as the service was read by Rev. Messrs. Jacobs, Snively, and Gwynne, it was interpreted in signs by Rev. G. C. Pennell and Drs. Clerc and Gallaudet. A large number of deaf-mutes attending the convention were present. One of these, Mr. Cole, was baptized. Dr. Gallaudet gave a short account of church work among deaf-mutes, and then attempted to set forth the duty and privilege of leading the Christian life.

On Sunday afternoon, September 3, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conducted a service for deaf-mutes in St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut, whose rector, the Rev. Mr. Maxy, has taken much interest in the deaf-mutes who live near him. Mr. and Mrs. Finnemore were baptized.

On Saturday afternoon, September 9, in St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., another deaf-mute, Mrs. Tallmadge, was baptized by Dr. Gallaudet.

NOTICE.

THE TENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES

will be held in Boston, Mass., on Monday and Tuesday, January 1 and 2, 1872.

The address by the president, and the choice of officers for the ensuing term, will, as usual, be made on the first day. On Tuesday, the 2d, an oration will be delivered by Mr. Alphonso Johnson, of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, or Mr. Melville Ballard, B. S., of the National Deaf-Mute College, as his substitute, to be followed by addresses from prominent gentlemen, both deaf and hearing.

The important question of the day to be brought under notice is the CLERC MEMORIAL.

There will be a grand levee and social reunion on the evening of the second day.

Arrangements with the railroads and steamboats in New England for free return tickets, and with the hotels for reduced rates of board, and for the distribution of circulars among deaf-mutes, will be made by the committee of arrangements in due time.

A full attendance is respectfully solicited, and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

Any communication may be sent to Wm. B. Swett, Marblehead, Mass.
W. B. SWETT, President.

C. AUG. BROWN, Secretary.

MARRIED.

As will be seen by the following, clipped from the personals of *The New York Home Journal*, Greene, '70, is the first graduate of the College to achieve matrimonial honors. In behalf of his fellow-students of by-gone days, we wish him a very long and happy wedded life:

A marriage of great interest took place in the town of Belleville, Canada, at the residence of the bride's sister, Miss Howard, on Tuesday, the 15th of August. The groom was Mr. SAMUEL T. GREENE, a deaf-mute, and a graduate from the National College at Washington, D. C., and the bride was Miss CAROLINE CAMPBELL HOWARD, third daughter of the late Hiram E. Howard, who was for many years at the head of one of the most prominent banks in Buffalo, New York. The bride wore a magnificent walking suit of gray silk, trimmed with blue; bonnet and gloves *en suite*. The lovely bridesmaid, Miss Henrico Howard, sister to the bride, looked charming in blue and white. Mr. Melville Ballard, of Fryeburg, Maine, and also a graduate of the above College, filled the position of groomsman with grace and propriety. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Grier and the Rev. Arthur Baldwin. The bride is the niece of the Hon. Lewis Walbridge, formerly the Speaker of the Canadian House of Parliament.

ON Wednesday evening, Sept. 6, in Brooklyn, E. D., by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, JACOB SWARTS and ELIZABETH JANE CONNOR, graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

SHERIDAN, N. Y., August 2, by Rev. J. M. Bray, assisted by Prof. I. L. Peet, DURANT T. RICHARDSON, of Hamlet, to Miss RHODA M. P. Sisson, both graduates of the New York Institution.

THE COLLEGE RECORD.

Editors, Class of '72,
A. G. DRAPER, W. L. HILL, R. MCGREGOR.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, OCT., 1871.

THE East—and when speaking of the East we, of course, refer to old Hartford—will have to look to its laurels. In former years students coming from that Institution have almost invariably borne away the palm of superiority at the annual examinations for admission to the various classes. But this year Hartford steps back, and two States in the western wilds go to the front. Three young men from the Ohio and one from the Indiana Institution have been admitted to the Freshman class *unconditionally*. This fact argues well for the quality of educational talent employed in those Institutions, and with all deference to other schools, we say, “honor to whom honor is due.”

THE following students comprise the Freshman Class: W. M. Allman, Michigan; Orson H. Archibald, Indiana; James C. Balis, Wisconsin; D. W. Carey, Maine; A. W. Hamilton, Michigan; C. W. James, Kansas; Elias Myers, Ohio; Joseph Mosnat, Wisconsin; R. G. Page, Maine; A. C. Powell, Ohio; James M. Park, Ohio; W. C. Pick, New York.

Preparatories, new ones: John Breen, Pennsylvania; Henry A. Chapman, Massachusetts; Samuel Davidson, Pennsylvania; Martin C. Fortiscue, Pennsylvania; George M. Tee-garden, Iowa; Geo. W. P. Nicholson, Pennsylvania; Charles Reed, Wisconsin; Hugh H. B. McMaster, Pennsylvania; Stanton F. Wheeler, Massachusetts; James H. Purvis, D. C.; Gorman D. Abbott, Jr., Connecticut. There are now about fifty students in attendance. Several of those who were here last year have not yet returned.

A MR. JOHNSON, who we believe had something to say at the Albany Convention complimentary to the College, don’t like paste rings. He has tried ‘em and found they have no flash, no glitter, in fact nothing that in any way corresponds with his own many brilliant accomplishments. In his complimentary references to the College he put forth a stunning analogy between paste rings and college degrees, and propounded the following conundrum for the amusement of his audience: “Who among you would be willing to receive a degree which you knew was paste?” Every one gave it up, when Mr. Johnson answered the question himself by saying he would accept one from the New York Institution. Some people take only a partial view of a question, and are therefore liable to judge on one-sided evidence. We fear such is the case with Mr. Johnson.

THE translation of Mr. Hotchkiss’ Albany oration into the deaf-mute language, for a deaf-mute paper, called *The New York State Radii*, was tolerably well done, the misrepresentations being, without doubt, wholly unintentional, and the errors the fault of the printer, not of the translator. Then, too, the convenient abbreviation of Mr. Parkinson’s remarks was doubtless necessitated by “a want of space.” That is as clear as mud; but we must confess our inability to comprehend how so talented a translator could make Mr. Parkinson say that he (Mr. P.) “thought the College was quite different from other colleges, and was more properly a high-grade school for deaf-mutes.” Really, Mr. P! If you are so down on your Alma Mater as this we shall cut you forthwith. But possibly this model translator may have indulged in a few opinions of his own which he believed Mr. Parkinson *ought* to have entertained, if he did not. Let us fervently hope so, for thereby we may be relieved of the terrible suspicion that the hitherto trusted and respected Mr. Parkin-

son is unfaithful to his Alma Mater and no longer worthy of the confidence of honest men.

THE Kendall Base-ball Ground is no more. The march of modern improvements has overtaken and overwhelmed it. Where manly forms once delighted to disport themselves, vying with each other to win the gentle plaudits of some on-looking fair; the home-plate whence C—s sent many a long low fly sailing to the railroad track; the coveted first base where G—e miraculously “held” the hot ‘uns from anywhere; the pitcher’s point, whence B—d delivered his cunning twisters; and the third base-spot immortalized by P—n, spot abhorred by “popped” balls and shunned by “fouls”—alas! this arena, the scene of so much glory, is now crossed by an ugly, long, flat welt of plowed land, called L street. The plodding donkey, with his tinkling bell and load of earth, will traverse the ground over which, but lately, frantic young men sped upon home-runs amid tempestuous cheers and clapping of hands; the silence that used to reign unbroken save by the ringing call of the umpire will now be tortured by the cry of “Aw-w-yes-ter-rs!” and the persistent tooting of the horns affected by itinerant vendors of that bivalve. Only the national bunting will, on gala days, symbolize the umpire’s crimson flag, and a slothful populace, devoted to inglorious commerce and the humdrum arts of peace, will tread this ground, unconscious or indifferent to the fact that it has been the scene of some bloody and many bloodless victories. *Sic transit gloria of base-ball.*

WANTED—A LITERARY SOCIETY.

WHY is it that we have no literary society in the College? It is astonishing that we have gone on so long without anything of the kind, and I am almost ashamed to make the acknowledgment. The College is but in its infancy, yet it is old enough to sustain a flourishing literary society. Many institutions of less pretensions than this have their societies; why can we not have one? It is true there have been, and perhaps still are, one or more such organizations in the College, but they are class societies, to which none but class-members are admitted, and who, outside of the class, ever hears of them? The amount of good they accomplish is very little, and limited to the members of the class at that.

It is not my intention to enter into an argument to show the advantage of forming such a society and the amount of good it might accomplish; that is palpable to any person of ordinary intelligence. What I wish is to urge the formation of such a society here at once, and without any further delay. We have splendid material to begin with, and there is nothing to prevent us from organizing a society which shall include all the classes of the College.

I am aware that several attempts have been made in former years to accomplish that object, but either through inactivity or the bickerings of sectionalism these attempts have failed. Happily, all cause for such bickerings is now removed, and we can all work in harmony. Let ’72 now take the initiatory steps, and have the honor of forming a literary society that will stand when it is gone, and be an ornament to its Alma Mater.

The society should have for its aim the general literary improvement of the students, and the formation of a library, which shall go on increasing year after year, till the members have an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction at their command. The library would be small at first, but “great oaks from little acorns grow;” and with the yearly increasing numbers within our walls and the ever-augmenting number of Alumni without, whom we count on to aid in the work, we would not be long in accomplishing our aim. The society need not conflict with any existing organization.

PALE STUDENT.

THERE is romance all around us. This is a fact well known to newspaper and novel readers; or if it isn't, it is their own fault, and not that of the news and novel writers. Romance haunts the lines of travel, seeking whom she may dazzle and delight. Romance is a companion-passenger to every companionable passenger who embarks upon the steamers that ply to and from Europe. She delights to hover about an open carriage, especially when there are but two in it, and the roads and weather and horses are fine. Yes; the winsome wraith we call Romance is everywhere, even if she is not seen of everybody. She does not disdain to enter humbler conveyances than those above mentioned. We are even prepared to assert that she has but very recently been upon the Columbia horse-railway. We have the information first hand, so there is no doubt about it. Some time ago a certain young gentleman took passage upon the cars of this line. His height, 5 feet 7 inches; eyes, bluish-gray; whiskers, auburn, and worn a *l'Anglaise*; attire, a white stove-pipe hat—and other articles of dress not necessary to enumerate here. Know him all men by these presents. For convenience's sake we will call him Z. On the fateful morning alluded to Z. found himself the pleased possessor of nineteen cents, in five-cent pieces and coppers of the Republic. This sum was just sufficient, lacking one cent, to pay his necessary travelling expenses of the morning. He purchased a ticket for Fifteenth street, and sat himself down, pondering the forlorn condition of a being who has but nineteen cents when he wishes twenty, and revolving expedients to raise the twentieth. Thus busied, enter to him two g—young ladies of the period. The nature of Z. is eminently impressible. What wonder, then, that his attention was speedily drawn from his financial embarrassments to the enlivening new-comers. He began very cautiously with an inspection of two pairs of neat little boots that rested upon the car floor; then he looked at the dresses themselves and the charming white aprons over them; becoming bolder, he raised his eyes till they rested upon the tip of a curl that fell to the waist of its wearer. What more natural and proper than that his glance should trace the devious winding of this tress up to the head that it crowned? We are compelled to say that it did, and that it there encountered the opposing glance of two bright eyes. Z. is modest as well as impressible. He was abashed. He sought relief by endeavoring mutely to convey the impression that he was merely looking out of the window nearest Bright Eyes' head. But when the bright eyes were directed elsewhere than at him, he stole one—two—three glances at the fresh young face to which they belonged. Truly Romance was present that morning in car No. 6 of the Columbia horse-railway. She swept her subtle influence over the soul of Z., and he bowed to the magical power, when—"If you please, sir?"—and the owner of the bright eyes held out the fare of herself and companion. Z. took it, bowing, and dropped it, all unknowingly, into the box. Alas! though Romance is ever unconfin'd, she is sometimes rudely jostled by Reality. Z. is also the means of my being able to prove this second statement, for when he turned around and took his seat the face of Bright Eyes was clouded. She explained. She had given him a twenty-five cent scrip. The fare was but ten cents. Z. blushingly protested. He had not looked at it. He thought it was a ten-cent bill. He would make it right. But upon appealing to the driver that functionary also explained. He said the box was like a miser; it never refused anything and never returned anything; he had no means of opening the box, could not return the money in tickets, and the corporation hadn't any soul—in fine, that fifteen cents had vanished irrecoverably. What could Z. do? Did he explain to the young ladies of the period, and beg a thousand pardons? Did he pay them *bis fourteen cents* in partial compen-

sation for their loss, and walk all the weary way out to College? Did he, oh, did he bolt from the front platform and vanish round the nearest corner? We can't tell. We really don't know. But Romance is all around us, and is sometimes rudely jostled by Reality. Z. thinks so.

'73 has a class society now.

H-STREET cars are too small.

THERE are about thirty periodicals in the reading-room.

THERE are 48 pupils in the primary department of the Institution.

REID, '72, no longer claims to be the tallest man. He has a rival from the prairies.

TUTOR HOTCHKISS has located in the room in College Hall formerly occupied by Prof. Fay.

No one seems to take any interest in the billiard-room at present. Wait till cold weather comes.

ONE of "those houses" that started on its travels last July has not reached its ultimate destination yet!

THREE recitation rooms have been opened as sleeping apartments for the accommodation of students.

WHAT has become of that croquet club? Has it gone "where the woodbine twineth"? Will somebody enlighten us?

OWING to the crowded condition of the College building, some of the recitations will be held in the chapel and lecture-room.

An ambitious Junior addressed a Sunday-school orally in the woods, during the vacation—the result of his lessons in articulation during last term.

PRESIDENT PORTER'S "Elements of Intellectual Science," which is his "Human Intellect" boiled down, has arrived, to the great discomfort of the Seniors.

WE still say honor to whom honor is due. Swartz, of the Preparatory class, having added 41 to the subscription list of THE SILENT WORLD, goes one better than Patterson, of '70.

PROF. CHICKERING has an article on the College in a late number of *The Chicago Advance*. It is mainly historical, but aims also to make its work better understood by the general public.

THE Kendall Base-Ball Club has organized for the season by the election of A. G. Draper, '72, President; W. L. Hill, '72, Vice-President; E. L. Chapin, '74, Secretary; David S. Rogers, '73, Treasurer.

ASPIRANTS for the Freshman class were trembling in their shoes all day Wednesday, Sept. 27. Most of them passed satisfactory examinations, and were admitted without conditions. They feel better now.

CHAS. K. W. STRONG, of the Register's Office, Treasury Department, has lately been busily engaged in recording many thousand of five per cent. coupon bonds of the new funded loan. At present Mr. Strong has a month's leave of absence.

THE Freshman class numbers thirteen, while the Sophomore reaches the figure of four. In view of this fact, we opine the latter class will find it convenient to omit the time-honored custom of initiating the green 'uns into the mysteries of College life.

A GREEN Freshman was noticed gazing fondly at the hydrant near the College, the other day. He asked a Soph., what that was for. He was told to hold his head under it a moment and he would see. He did as he was bid, and saw to his satisfaction.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Reading Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, F. Reid, of '72; Vice-President, C. Hibbard, of '72; Secretary, D. H. Carroll, of '73; Treasurer, E. Chapin, of '74; Librarian, Ed. Stretch, '74.

THE following notice appeared in *The Benton County (Indiana) Tribune* of the 12th of August: "A party of students from the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C., arrived in town on Wednesday, for the purpose of engaging in a regular chicken hunt; but finding the game law still in working order, they left in the afternoon of the same day, after hurling anathemas at the law in their own silent but wonderfully expressive language." Who were they? and whoever they were, couldn't they steal chickens enough at home?

WE have often heard of students affected to tears on leaving the beloved walls of their Alma Mater for the first time; but not till recently did we ever meet with a case of one shedding the lachrymal fluid on departing for vacation. Report saith that a certain Senior was caught in the undignified act of weeping when on board the cars that were to convey him far away. Large tears were detected coursing down his ruddy cheeks, red were his eyes, and ditto his nose. Jokes at his expense were passed around among his fellow students, till, at last, unable to endure their jests, he admitted that *there was too much mustard on the sandwich he had just bolted*.

The Silent World,

A monthly paper of 16 quarto pages, published at Washington, D. C., and devoted principally to the interests of the Deaf and Dumb, aiming to give a faithful insight into the *Silent World* of the Deaf, and to spread abroad more general and correct notions of this class, and of their education and capabilities, besides embracing in its columns

ESSAYS, SKETCHES, STORIES, and ARTICLES OF GENERAL INTEREST AND INFORMATION.

Great care is taken to make the paper appear well in every way. The articles admitted to its columns are required to possess a certain degree of literary merit, and the mechanical part of the work is neat and attractive.

The reception accorded to it thus far has been gratifying in the extreme. It has elicited the unanimous commendation of the Press.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"*The Silent World* has made itself palpable, and deserves encouragement from the public."—*Washington Capital*.

"A well gotten up and interesting periodical."—*Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist*.

"Elegantly printed."—*Portland (Me.) Transcript*.

"The contents of the initial number are carefully prepared and interesting."—*Washington Chronicle*.

"Will render most valuable service to the best interests of the deaf-mute community."—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald*.

"Promises to be an aid and source of pleasure to this class of the community."—*New York Observer*.

"This paper, as our readers have already been informed, is devoted to the interests of the deaf and dumb. It is a very handsomely printed quarto sheet, on tinted paper, and is filled with interesting matter, not only for the class to which it is particularly addressed, but for the general reader. In their salutatory the conductors express their determination to make the paper occupy an honorable place among their contemporaries, and the initial number gives flattering promise of success in this endeavor. It contains articles on a variety of topics, biographical and historical, besides a large amount of news from the different deaf and dumb institutions of the country. It is edited with care and tact that will undoubtedly gain for it a wide popularity. We cordially welcome it to the field which has hitherto been unoccupied, and hope and predict for it a successful career."—*Rutland Weekly Herald*.

TERMS.—Single subscriptions \$1.50 per year, in advance. Clubs of ten, \$1.25. Single copies 15 cts.

Address,

J. G. PARKINSON,
Lock-box 39, Washington, D. C.

Information Wanted.

Engineer A. J. H., where are you? Address W. L. B., American Asylum, Hartford, Conn.

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TAILOR,

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